Dear Dad, August 6, 1987

I was going to come visit you from New York for the summer, and I was really looking forward to it. School ended June 6 and I got on the plane to Canada the next day. My pilot had a heart attack and I was so scared, but I flew the plane anyway. I landed on an L shaped lake. I’ve been here for two months. A plane flew by and I made a signal fire but it was to late. The plane was gone. I’m hungry. All I have is fish, raspberry’s, and berry’s I call gut cherry’s. And they made me sick! But there IS one thing I have to tell you. I was biking by the mall with Terry. I looked over at the station wagon parked in the first slot in the parking lot. I looked inside it and mom was kissing a blonde man. She leaned across and kissed him. Kissed the man with the short blonde hair. It was not a friendly peck, but a kiss. I’m sorry. I’m sorry I kept it from you for all these months. I’m sorry she left you for the man with the short blonde hair. She visits him every Thursday. When you find me can I please stay with you? I’ve missed you since the divorce. I love you dad. Please let me stay with you. Get away from her, from the man with the short blonde hair. I know it may sound like a lot to ask from me but please. Mom won’t care. If I go live with you she will get to visit the blonde man every day. She will love that I bet… We can forget ALL about her. About the man, the dreaded man that tore our life and family apart. We can live together in Canada away from the States. Away from anything and everything that reminds us of her. I love you dad. Once you rescue me we can live together in the mountains and sled and ski and snowboard. I can’t wait! Now I will have to figure out how to send this letter first. I made the paper out of a log by the lake and the ink by the berries I found. So maybe I will write this exact letter over and over again on pieces of paper and give them to birds to send to you. Even if you don’t get this letter I have described it enough so that anyone who finds it will know to come and find me. I will sign it with my full name so that they will know I’m your son. I just thought that I shouldn’t narrate everything I’m gonna do. Now if you don’t rescue me right away than that’s fine. I have enough food and water to last a long time. Although as I think I’ve already mentioned winter is coming up… Well I hope to see you very soon.

Your very dear son,

Brian Robeson